SPORT IN A COYOTE CHASE.

NEW WINTER DIVERSION FOR RESI-DENTS OF COLORADO SPRINGS.

in Respect of the Game-The Bright Costumes of the Men and the Women and the Invigorating Dash Across the Prairie. The covote chase," said an Eastern man who has lately returned from the West, "is, I be-Heve, a new diversion neculiar to Colorado Springs. I know of no other American city, indeed, where so novel a form of amusement could have been devised. It is one of the most resting results of that mingling of Englishmen and native born, which is the rarest feature of the social and business life at the Springs. The coyote chase, which during the present winter has become the prevailing recreation, is thus, in every sense of the word, an international sport. It may be described briefly as

the regulation English fox hunt with transatlastic trimmings. You simply supplant the English fox by an up-to-date American prairie wolf, substitute the barren rolling plains for the hilly and wooded fields of the fatherland, and there you are.

I am as gamy a chap as the rest of them, and so, of course, this was just the thing for me. It is true that I slightly demurred on the ground that I had not been astride a horse for twenty years and feared to trust myself to the mercies of one of the spirited Kentucky highbreds which are imported exclusively for the coyote chase, but my friend, the Englishman, set my mind at rest on that score. The club kept constantly on hand, for just such tenderfoots as myself, an old-fashioned sulky and a gentle, obliging beast, and of course I wouldn't object to following the chase in this conveyance, merely as a guest and a spectator. rhaps I was half ashamed-one of my sporting blood, too-to stoop so low as to avail myself of this subterfuge, but it was no time for empty pride, and so, fike a good Christian, I was early on hand that eventful Sunday morning—the best coyote hunts. I regret to say, take

place on Sunday—just as the sun was peeping above the edge of the prairie and casting its pink tints upon the snow of Pike's Peak. Shortly after my arrival, glancing down the road, I caught a glimpse of a leisurely couple on horseback, proceeding quietly to the El Paso stables, the appointed meeting place. They were two bright dots upon the landscape; the man in knee breeches, high top boots and a close fitting hunter's coat, the lady in a long dark blue skirt, a bright red jacket and a natty darby hat. The horses were the fluest Kentucky breed; large and sleek, with erect head, a step that sent the sporting blood thrilling your veins, and a tall docked in true English style. Simultaneously, in the opposite direction, and far in distance, appeared another pair, similarly clad; and in a few moments the whole land scape east, south, west and north was dotted with these dainty figures. I felt somewhat awkward as they drew near and greeted me with true English cordiality. With my sulky and my business clothes I was in every way in sharp contrast to all this European pictures queness, and I had half a mind to sneak base to the hotel. However, it was too late to make abold front, I crawled upon my sulky, inwardly feeling, I must conless, more like a thief than a sportsman.

"I was not the only one, however, unprovided with a mount. There was a poor little hump-backed darky—I think they called him l'ete—who came driving rapidly up just as the procession was about to move. Pete was seated upon what was apparently an old pine box, about three leet high and four feet square, set upon two wheels and propelled by an ancient and somewhat weekegone white horse. The most interesting feature of this furnout was the wooden box, over which Pete zealously stood guard. Each of its four sides was pierced with two circular holes, some six inches in diameter, and through each one of these holes protruded a long tapering nose, a set of very fine and very savage teeth, two gray silken drooping ears, and two small flashing eyes—the whole of which was snapping and snarling and rolling in a manner discouraging to any stray prairie wolf.

"Pete at once rose several degrees in my estimation. To him and his small box was evidently intrusted the keeping of the hounds. Pete was very proud of his charge and rode his box with great contentment, hardly deigning to give me a glance. The only dissatisfied mambers of the combination were the hounds themselves; they did not relish their temporary prison and were altogether anxious to fasten their gleaming fangs upon the hind leg of the fugitive coyote. For the present, however, they were obliged to bide their time. The box was provided with a sliding door, operated by a string in the hands of the trusty Pete; but the moment had not yet arrived to put the mechanism in play. These hounds, I am told, are the genuine English foxhounds, and are imported directly for these hunts. The sight of them was enough to awaken the sporting blood of one more lethargic than I.

"In a moment we were off with a clattering dash—that is, the horsemen and horsewomen were. The master of the hounds kept about directly back of them came the party. I humbly brought up at the tail of the procession. It was a beautiful and unusual sight; the laddes with red cheeks and sparkling eres and bril

sportsman.

I was not the only one, however, unprovided the mount. There was a poor little hump-acked darky—I think they called him Fete—acked darky—I think they called him Fete—

the ladies with red cheeks and sparkling eyes and brilliantly hued riding habits, the men tall and muscular, the very pink of Western chivalry. All rode their horses superbly, now at an easy canter, now at a trot, and now at a leisurely walk, talking and laughing the while and making pleasant wagers on the outcome of the day's aport. As for myself, I may have added to the strangeness of the scene, but surely not to its picturesqueness. To add to my miseries I dispovered that I had drawn a biank not only in my conveyance, but in my conveyer. I lambasted the old nag for all I was worth, tugged away at the reins like a New England farmer, but couldn't make the darned thing go faster than a trot.

away at the reins like a New England farmer, but couldn't make the darned thing go faster than a trot.

"My friends were drawing rapidly ahead of me when I saw the men suddenly dismount. We were upon the i rairie road, bordered by grazing lands for miles and miles to north and south, inclosed by barbed wire fence. Presumably the master of the hounds thought it a gavorable moment to enter the prairie, for in a few moments I saw the men busily pulling up the stanles and pressing the barbed wire fence to the ground with their feet. Over this, out upon the open and undulating prairie, the whole party sped at a gallop, I, ss usual, bumping along in the rear. After we had all passed over, a delegation remained behind to put the staples back in place and to fix the wire fence as good as new—a delicate point of honor with copote hunters. Then the company, stretching out about a quarter of a mile, started out upon the open prairie. The sun was now well up; the faces of the men and women began to flush with expectation; and the still imprisoned dogs, as they perceived themselves now fairly upon their old trail, began to snap more savagely. As for me, my sporting blood was by this time all up, ann I hardly noticed the fact that my carriage was constantly failing into the numerous prairie—dog holes in the way

more savagely. As for me, my sporting blood was by this time all up, and I hardly noticed the fact that my carriage was constantly lading into the numerous prairie-dog holes in the way and tipping dangerously from side to side.

"Suddenly the master of the hounds naused upon the crest of a hill and gave the signal to halt. The horses were at once reined in, and a silence of death settled upon the whole company. The master of the hounds had detected in the heavily weed-grown ravine below a pack of sneaking coyotes. There were five or six of them lying low in the tall prairie grass, but they had not escaped the practiced eye of the master of the hounds. In a half second we naw him wave his cap, the signal for the unleashing of the dogs. Pete gave the rope a sudden pull, the back of the box opened, and all the hounds darted into the air in a bunch. With their talls and noses almost on a line, they started quickly for their master. Then they paused for a single second, got one glimpse of the coyote pack, and in a high were upon its heels. The coyotes, however, know too much to keep together. They know that the hounds selecting one of them, gave chase. The skulking beast had probably about 300 yards start, and began to fly across the prairie like the wind.

"Of course the whole company was after him in a finsh. Even the poor old nag that I had been belaboring all the morning entered into the spirit of the game, and at the unleashing of the hounds sprang, it seemed to me, about five feet into the air and started with strides about its feet long after those dashing Kentucky alghbreds. I tried to hold her in, for I was thrown ten inches from my seat at every stride; but I might as well have tried to hold her in, for I was thrown ten inches from my seat at every stride; but I might as well have tried to hold in an exthe hounds sprang, it seemed to me, about five feet into the air and started with strides about six feet long after those desking Kentucky highbreds. I tried to hold her in, for I was thrown ten inches from my seal at every stride; but I might as well have tried to hold in an express train. She kept constantly in view the work of the prairie well. Up and down hill we went, constantly keeping our eyes upon the coyote, which was funning as though the devil were after him—as he was, for anything more savage and unrelenting at hounds her hounds a constantly leasning, and, in spite of all his efforts, it was evident that the coyote was losing his grength. At one time the hounds were within two series doubled his pace as he approached this seprence, were also somewhat the prairie will every expression to the least whom a friendly barbed wire fence gave him the advantage. The coyote sedoubled his pace as he approached this sprangth hounds without a series. The however, with eyes less keen than those of their pray, knew nothing of the fence until they came plunk up against it, becarding their general to how their feelings toward the coyote. By the time they have the feelings toward the coyote. The hounds were will not improve their feelings toward the coyote. The hounds were will and nomentarily encouraged, increasing his gaze. The hunters, of course, were also somewhat delayed by the necessity of taking down

the fence and replacing it, but in a few minutes the lost time was regained and we were all closely upon the heels of the coyote.

"The poor animal knew that his force was nearly spent, but he was game. And when the dogs were within about a hundred yards, he turned abruptly around and showed his teeth with a snari. Under ordinary circumstances the coyote much prefers to run; but if the worse comes to worst he can put up as pretty a fight as the rest of them. This particular specimen had plenty of grit; and as one of the dogs fastened his teeth in a hind leg and another made a spring at the throat, the fur began to fly. There was a great deal of blood shed in that day's battle, and not all of it belonged to the prairie wolf, and more than one of the hounds limpingly withdrew from the struggle, covered with gore. That solitary coyote seemed to be in all places at once, and wherever he happened to be, the blood began to spurf. Once or twice it seemed almost as though he would get away; for after making a big hole in the hind leg of one of the largest hounds, the pesky thing sprang into the air in a bold dash for liberty. He got about ten rods abead when he was overtaken by the exasperated hounds and the fight renewed. This time it was short und to the point, for in a flash a couple of the dogs got a good grip upon his throat and the struggle was over. Some time before this had happened, of course, the hunters had arrived, flushed and panting, upon the battle ground: and just as the coyote keeled over in death agony, my own flery steed, all oblivious to the constant stream of "whose" that I had been emitting for half an hour-to say nothing of much stronger expletives—came to a dead halt.

"No great ceremony was enacted over the dead coyote. In a lifty the pelt was awarded to the woman who was first in at the death - the It Besembles English Fox Hunting Except

say nothing of much stronger expletives—came to a dead halt.

No great eeremony was enacted over the dead coyote. In a jiffy the pelt was awarded to the woman who was first in at the death—the brush of the coyote is not regarded as an attractive trophy—and all were again scampering across the prairie in hot pursuit of more animated game. We rode some fifty miles that day, and started up at least half a dozen coyotes. I was a pretty badly josted individual when I rode into Colorado Springs that Sunday evening behind my deceptive nag; but I had had a rare day's sport and was perfectly satisfied. We had had only a single accident, though that was a somewhat serious one. One of the most reckless horsemen, toward the end of the day's sport, was foolish enough to speed his mount at a breakneck pace down a deep ravine or river bed, as they call them out there. As he reached the bottom one of the horse's forefeet slipped into a deep prairie-dog hole and he fell, throwing the rider over his head. In his fright the horse then rolled over upon his master and succeeded in fracturing his collar bone, breaking three ribs and injuring him internally. They say, however, that such accidents are not common."

HOUSE HUNTING IN LONDON.

me Differences Between the Recreation There and That in the United States,

From the Providence Journal. I have an American friend here who got tired of hiring furnished apartments and paying for furniture which he could never own. Houses are very much cheaper in London than in New York. One American correspondent lives beautifully in Chelsea, a part of London, at \$450 a year rent; another pays \$350 rent, and another lives in Earlscourt, in London, in a fine house, for which he pays \$600 rent. For my part, I have paid for various houses \$15, \$22.50, and \$30 a week, but have always hired furnished houses. Whoever hires a furnished house pays no taxes, or "rates," as they call taxes over here; but if you take an unfurnished house you must pay the ward or parish rates, which are usually estimated at about one-third as much again as your rent, so that if you agree

which are usually estimated at about one-third as much again as your rent, so that if you agree to nay \$600 rent, you must really part with \$800, including the rates.

Well, my friend looked over many houses, and at last settled upon one at a rental of \$500 a year. It was very spacious and beautiful. He did not admire the gas flxtures or the old-fashioned gas stoves or the gas burners that were stuck in the grates to avoid the use of coal, but he thought to put up with them, since the house itself was just what he wanted. While he was bargaining for the house, he got a small education. He found that when he spoke of 'leasing" the house it was taken to mean that he wanted it for seven years; "seven, fourteen or twenty-one years," is how they express it. He also found that a lease carries with it an obligation to put the house in repair at the end of the term. One hundred and fifty pounds, or \$750, was what the house agents told him he must pay for repairs on surrendering the dwelling. I mention this case because there is nothing peculiar about it. It is a typical, average case, according to English methods. He also found that the charge for drawing up a lease is \$78.75 fifteen guineas). Think of it! Lawyers have to be employed, and this is their legal charge for the service. Old as the country is they have never yet learned our method of printing legal forms at a few cents each and alling them up or altering them to suit cases.

He discovered that by taking the house on an "agreement" instead of a lease he could avoid the worst of these burdensome expenses. An agreement is a lease for any term less than seven years; it does not carry the repairing clause with it and it only costs a guinea, or about \$5. So he took the house for five years in an agreement. Well, when he got in he found that practically nothing but the bare walls went with the agreement. All the appointments that the heat comer. These included the window shutters, awnings, gas flxtures, closet shelves, gas stoves, even the hand rail up the stairs; cluded my friend looked about him and dis-covered that he had to buy fenders for all the fireplaces, fire tongs and pokers, hooks to put in the closets, bell ropes to work the bedroom call bells, and, really I have forgotten nine-tenths of the expenses, but they amounted to \$250 before he finished with them. At the same time he was presented with an inventory of the landlord's property and this included every window catch, door knob, key plate, lock, hook, bell, bolt and fastening or appointment of every sort. These he was told must be left in the same order in which they were turned

hook, bell, bolt and fastening or appointment of every sort. These he was told must be left in the same order in which they were turned over to him.

I am told that in New York it is better to rent an unfurnished than a furnished house. They say that if a New Yorker tries to rent a furnished house the presumption is that he is hard up and will stand very close barganing. Here in London there is no such feeling, because all, except the very rich, are in the habit of renting their houses furnished. These are almost a nomad people. They live in town in the season, which is the middle of summer. After that they go to the seashore or to the south of France, or to their country houses for the autumn shooting and again at Christmas time. The consequence is that tens of thousands of well-to-do folks rent their houses for six months or nine months, if not for a whole year, at a time. When they rent a furnished house to you they send an agent of their own to meet your agent for the purpose of taking an inventory of the furniture. Your agent is pretty spry. He examines things as carefully as he knows how and points out the cracks and kieks and dents and scratches that he sees as he looks at each article. The landlord's agent seems very lethargie. He shows no curlosity or interest in what is going on, but loafs through the job as if his duties were perfunctors. But oh, dear reader, you should see that same man when your lease has expired and he is seeing what damage you have done. He rings every saucer and plate with a lead pencil, he turns every chair upside down and studies the bottoms and legs, he examines the mantelpieces, he even stares at the doors to see whether they swing chair upside down and studies the bottoms and legs, he examines the mantelpleces, he even stares at the doors to see whether they swing evenly or not, he takes down the gas globes to see if the edges are knicked, he even makes a note of a spot of rust on a pillow case. He who was so slow and indifferent has changed into a sleuth hound, into microscopist, into a demon of conscientious alertuess. Lord pity you lift you have had careless servants or bolsterous children, or have not done your utmost to put things back into as good order as you found them. Your bill, which they call your "dilapidations account," will make you ill.

RABIES ON THE RANGES.

Dogs Give It to Coyotes, and They Give It to Horses and Cattle.

From the Denver Times. Hydrophobia is reported among the herds of cattle and horses on the ranges of Routt and Rio Blanco counties, Col. The dogs have had the dread disease for some time, and have communicated it to the coyotes, which, in turn, have bitten ponies and steers until they, too,

DECATUR STREET, ATLANTA

PICTURESQUE THOROUGHPARE, RE VEALING NEGRO TRAITS OF TO-DAY.

Saturday Night Is When the Police Get Busiest-Grant, the Georgia Cracker, Has Work to Do Then-The Gambling, Drinking, Buying, Selling and Fighting. There is in Atlanta a dingy, tawdry street

that illustrates the vice, the humor, the auperstition and the evolution of the Southern negro in a greater variety of ways than any other one place in the world. It is a mile and a half long and as thick with negroes as a hive is with bees. It is as characteristic of the negro of to-day in the South as a native village is characteristic of his ruder kinsmen.

It is stamped all over with his presence and his racial individuality. It presents by far the most picturesque part of Atlanta. There the negro buys, sells, drinks, cuts, works, loiters, loves, deceives, dances, sings, mourns, shoots his craps and his rivals and is arrested. There the race question stalks by night and by day and the big policeman settles it, and although this street-Decatur street-holds more negroes of a Saturday night than there are altogether in Wilmington, N. C., it has yet to have its first race war.

Saturday night sees Decatur street in its glory. Then it is choked with happy blacks bristles from one end to the other with policemen. On Saturday the shops and the cotton compresses pay off. Just about dusk of that day, regularly every week, there is a wonderful access of life on the street. From every alley and byway pour the buoyant black faces. It is for them the crisis of the week. It is as though all the city's black population had suddenly assembled on the street. They overflow from the sidewalks, surround the fakir's stands and market wagons, flock into the cheap bars where corn whiskey is sold at five cents a drink and into the flaring sheps. or gather in noisy knots on the corners and push, shove, laugh and fight. The capital of Decatur street as the nagroos

call it, is the big central police station. For convenience sake, the City Council placed It midway between the ends of this thoroughfare five or six years ago. The blacks appreciated the recognition. They increased rather than diminished the number of their dives The crap shooters' dive just across the street from the station enjoyed a boom. It was raided regularly about once every ten days, the round-up furnishing about sixty prisoners each time, and it seemed to flourish on the treatment. Other dives like it blossomed out. The cheap whiskey saloons also gained a new prosperity. Five got a footing on the same block with the police station. As a crowning feature they made the police station block the wickedest in town.

One by one the blacks retired to quieter posts nearly every policeman on the force until they met their match. A lank Georgia cracker, who had once been a Sheriff of a middle Georgia county, was sent to patrol the beat. He was lean, with a red face that smiled continu-He had to bruise many heads and waste lots of ammunition before he made himself understood. Now there is a saying on the

street that he bears a charmed life. His name is Grant, and the only terror the street ever kne π is this mild-mannered Cracker's name. On Saturday nights Grant's block gets away from him. Time has been when six big officers have been too few to quell the turbulence

from him. Time has been when six big officers have been too few to quell the turbulence on it, while the half dozen blocks on either side are only a shade less bad. Two policemen to a block is a moderate force for Saturday night, it is the street's ancient boast that it furnishes more prisoners on that night than all the other streets in the city combined.

The view from the window of the room through which the reserve squad watches the picturesque spectacle is typical of the whole street. The blatant crowd surges noisily by. The air is full of noisy sounds of talking, of wheezy planos and rattling banjos in the dives near by. The saloons are sucking in a constant stream of patronage. From them emanate the vociferous evidences of a prosperous nights' business—it is their greatest night. If you watch long enough you will see two struggling forms reel through the swinging door locked in ar i zid embrace. They tumble upon the sidewalk and are up again in a twinkling. Pulling themselves apart they rush together again with the fury of madness, cla ving, rounding, biting. The play of arms and fists, the glint of something white in the electric light, the swift gathering of a crowd and the hurried appearance of two big policemen are all quicker than the eyes of the watcher can note accurately, but out of the excited throng two officers are seen presently to emerge, each holding a hatless, bleeding black giant. Transformed with fierce hate and raving with curses the black prismers present a stirring picture. They disappear behind the great door of the police station amid the jeering and the mockery of the crowd.

The Decatur street parade was at its thickest one Saturday night when to the gaze of, the crowd was presented the spectacle of two wilders with a plecting vall one coming together for a furious struggle. They whirled around for a moment, neither making a sound. Suddenly with a plecting vall one

mais, spinning around for a moment then coming together for a furious struggle. They whirled around for a moment, neither making a sound. Suddenly with a motion, neither making as sound. Suddenly with a fire making a sound. Suddenly with a fire when the struggle. They control he heart. The other paused for a moment, glouring flendishly, her yellow teeth gleaming like those of a cat, then, breaking through the crowd, she ran. A policeran coming up at that moment lifted the prostrate woman to her feet. Blood was pouring over her cheeks and, horrors, her ear, almost bitten off, hung by but a shred.

"Sal Means did this," said the officer instantly, "This is her tenth ear."

Thus had Sal Means settled with another rival.

The black throng on the street seems to be growing. Suddenly a black figure darts through the crowd into the open street running like a decr. A limping dew yelling "Thief." comes after the fleeling man as fast as he can. The ragged furlive carries somether the structure of the structure of the structure of the structure of the corner and turns him back, buffleam off at the corner and turns him back, buffleam statists hopeless. A policeman had been stated in the corner and turns him back, buffleam statists hopeless. A policeman had been corner and turns him back, buffleam statists hopeless. A policeman had been corner and turns him back, buffleam statists hopeless. A policeman had been conting crowd.

"It tole you so, nigger!" they yell. "I knowed Grant was gwine ter git you." (Goo'by, nigger. If yer see Tom Johnsing up thar in dechain gang jest lell him to come to see us when he can."

The negro surrenders the prize for which he has risked his liberty and made his brief, inglorious flight—a tawdry bius shirt, worth 25 cents. Decatur street jeers its farewell to the third as it catches the last glimps it will have of him in a twelvemonth.

Down where the street bends sharnly to the left, just below the holice station, there is a lively commotion. A breathless messenger bursts but the headquarters a

in by 11 o'clock of a Saturday night with bru and scratches all over the visible parts of t

and seratches all over the visible parts of their anatomies, the deak Sergeant is ainrand with the fear that one of the worthy pair is ill. For years they have made their weekly fights a feature of policing in Atlanta, and if one of them should happen to drop off it would "east" a gloom over the entire force, who feel a sort of family interest in them from having arrested them so frequently.

"Crazy Quilt Jane," whose eccentricity of dress is only equalled by her mental hallucinations, is one of the street's most faithful habitude and an old friend of the police. She is withered, paisied and old, with a wrinkled witch's face that looks as though it might be of black parchinent. Rider Hazard's "She" sas young beside her. With the coming of the Saturday night crowd to Decatur street Jane appears. The Queen of Sheba was not arrayed so gloriously. Joseph's coat hadn't half as many colors as her crazy patchwork dress. It is the work of years. She has sewed into the wonderful garmient every bit of bright color that she could lay hands on during all the period of its construction. She has fastened those flaring bits upon the skirt and bodice without any other view than to achieve the most vivid effect, and she has succeeded. The dress has seminate scraps of color in it to cover a soldier's tent, and it stands out from Crazy Jane's shrunken form like a sail in a gale. She wears, usually, an odd mantle over her shoulders, rivalling in its brilliancy of coloring the bodice underneath. Her kinky, woolly hair, which grows in a huge tangled mass, bristles with say feathers, She has stolen the nimare of the brightest birds to decorate her woolly rate, and these feathers she disposees at random in her thick, matted wool in picture-sque

arrangement.
Thus clad, Crazy Jane arrives. She is of deeply religious temperament, and it is her habit to chant to the wayward members of her race awful warnings of wrath to come. Her coming is greeted with a wild hoot of approval. Here comes old Crazy Quilt, Jane" and sundry aggravating reflections on her beauty and a current report that she is soon to be married are shouted at her. For a time she is patient, but Crazy Jane is fallible, like the rest of mankind. Finally she can stand it no longer, and with her sunken red eyes glaring flendishly and her wizened old face distorted with race, she charges into her tormentors with her faced umbrella raised for a weapon. She winds up always at the police station, preaching, praying, shouting. Judge Andy Calhoun, before whom the sins of Decatur street are recounted the day after their commission, is always lenlent with Jane. They are quite good friends and she holds firmly to her opinion that he "is de good Lawd's man." Your after year old Jane has grown more and more feeble, but her passion for brilliant clothes and preaching increases. She says the devil in person would live on Decatur street if its morals were not so had.

But de debbli can't stand it," she asseverated. "It would drive him plum destracted." At about 10 celock the riot and revelry are at their hishest. The planos and the banjos are all going. The jags are numerous, the fighting has reached its highest nitch of the evening. The patrol wagon noisily jangles by. Grant and his associate policemen are wilted or nearly so. A little diversion is furnished by a raid on one of the typical dives, netting not less than fifty prisoners. These places are veritable rat holes. They are jamined full of noisy, drunken negroes on a Saturday night. The inmates gamble at craps and diec until they quarrel or get too sleepy: then the dive is turned into a lodging house. The steeping bunks are mere planks placed against the wanten her placed convict and all manner of turbulent segrees congregate. Here they gamble. Each

MICHIGAN'S CLERICAL GAME WARDEN Lives with His Dogs, Fishes, Hunts and Subsists Upon the Results.

From the Chicago Inter-Ocean. CREEK. Mich., Dec. 24.-Calhoun county, Michigan, boasts of the only clergyman game warden in America, the Rev. Isaac Collier, who is known throughout the State as the Henry D. Thoreau of Michigan, as he has for many years lived alone with his dogs in a cottage on the shore of Goguac Lake, summer, winter and every season, spending his time in fishing and hunting and in the study of books

A passionate regard for nature has led this unique clergyman to live among the flowers and trees, the birds and animals of the woods Years of botanical training make it possible for him to understand the flowers which he plucks by the roadside or in the fields or forests. Never does a day pass that the venerable character, with his fishpole, may not be seen wending his way to the water's edge for his customary fish. His expert knowledge of angling makes him known among the fisher-men as "Our Izaak Walton." and he lives out

customary ass. His expert knowledge of angling makes him known among the fishermen as "Our Izaak Walton," and he lives out his title. Not only does he fish, but he studies his prey. He knows the fish and their habits, and is at home among them.

A strange place is his cottage, unlathed, unplastered, but the home of a contented man. He subsists entirely upon the results of his hunting and fishing. He not only sells his fish for the few groceries and supplies which he requires, but he is fond of them as a regular diet. He is his own cook. His tea he makes from the wild plant blossom known as the Jersey tea, and the only coffee which he uses is made from the hickory nuts which he gathers. Above all, he is hale, hearty and healthy, although sixty-eight years of his life have passed. But he says, "I live close to nature, and so I do live, not exist."

Greek, Latin, Hebrew, Chaldaic, Syriac, French and modern languages are read by the quant character, and no matter how busy a day he has steent among his fish friends he closes it by reading a chapter in his Greek Testament. Apart from the world, he never neglects his religious, and studies religious questions of modern and ancient character.

The Rey, Isaac Collier was born in Greene county, N. Y., and in his mere childhood he natonished his parents by declaring his intention to enter the ministry. He took a course of study in the Coxagckie (N. Y.) Academy, and then the grammar school at New Brunswick, N. J. He received his diploma from Rutgers College, following this by a three years' theological course. His first call was to Coeymans, on the Hudson River, where he preached for five years. In 1898 he entered upon his duties as pastor of the Dutch Reformed Church of Battle Creek, leaving in 1871 for Richboro, Pa., on a like call, where he remained fourteen years, returning to preach as a Congregationalist in the Augustachurch, After his return to Battle Creek, he took un his Thoreau ilke life, and has continued ever since in this plan of living.

He has just been appo

Hardtack in a Hog's Stomach.

From the Ciscianali Enquirer.

Warash. Ind. De 2.28.—Justice John Noonan. Lasro. to-day killed two hogs which he had been trying to fatten nex: door to his black-smith shop. He had fed them for three months, and while one waxed our pulent, the other failed to take on avoirdupois, but was killed with its mate. Disparity in the size of the hoga aroused the eurosity of Noonan, who cut open the stomach and was astonished to find therein six pounds of horseshoe nails. These nails had, with other refuse, been dumped into the pen from the black-smith shop and swallowed a few at a time as the porker bolted its food. The wails of the stomach were not punctured nor lacerated. From the Cincinnati Enguirer,

Endies' Costumers.

For this month only I will make growns, any style selected, of finest bread both, in all shades, lined with dainty, delicate shades of fine tadetas.

FANCY WAISTS, EVENING GOWNS, from original designs. Perfection guaranteed, A. FRIEDMAN, 53 West 42d st.

A. FRIEDMAN. 53 West 42d st.
Corsets Made to Order, all Styles, \$1.50 Cu.
Fitting stort, slender and faulty figures a specialty.
Graceful and shapely form given. Custom work only.
MLLE, LOUISE PROCLE, Sto to 31s dth avenue,
Bet. 16th and 20th sts., over Cammeyer's shee store.
Corsets cleaned, repaired, sliered and copied.
Reliable First-Class Work at Low Frices.

LINCOLN'S LAST PARDON.

SAID ALSO TO HAVE BEEN HIS LAST OFFICIAL ACT.

Man Now Living Who Was Glad to Profit by It—The Paper Signed an Hour Before the Fatal Shot Was Fired—The Story of George S. E. Vaughan, Confederate Spy. From the Chicago Daily Tribune

The last official act performed by Abraham Lincoln as President of the United States was the signing of the pardon of George S. M. Vaughan, under sentence of death, charged with being a Confederate spy. Mr. Vaughan, now an old, and broken man, lives in Maryville, Mo. The story of his arrest, sentence to death and final pardon an hour before Lincoln was shot by J. Wilkes Booth is one of the most interesting of the unpublished chapters

Before the war George S. E. Vaughan lived in Canton, Lewis county, Mo. He had a wife and seven children and was one of the most prominent men of the village. One of his most intimate friends was Mark E. Green, who had already begun to attain prominence as a Democrat of the pro-slavery type, and who afterward became a Major-General in the Confederate Army. On the outbreak of hostilities Green raised a Confederate regiment and reeeived a commission as Colonel from the Southern government. The Vaughan family, like many others, was divided on the question of the war. George enlisted in Green's regi-ment and his brother Allmon, who was a Cap-

tain in the State Guards, stuck to the Union. George Vaughan followed Green throughout the Missouri campaign. One of the engagements in which he participated was the battle of Athens. Here the historian's statement that "brother grappled with brother was literally true, for George S. E. Vaughan followed the banner of the Confederacy and on the other side his brother Allmon was fighting under the flag of the Union.

After a number of engagements in Missouri, among them the battle of Wilson's Creek, where the brave and chivalrous Lyon fell, Green and his men. who were with Price and Van Dorn, were transferred to Arkansas. After the battle of Shiloh, in which they participated, they went south with the other shattered forces of the Confederacy and camped near Tupelo, Miss., where they remained inactive for some time.

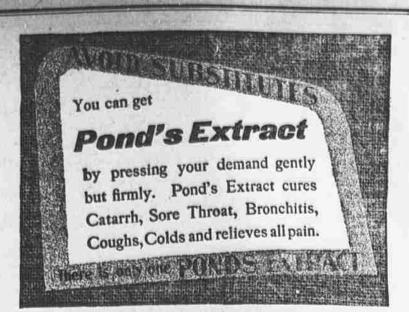
Vaughan had by this time been made Reginental Quartermaster, with the rank of Captain, and continued to enjoy Gen. Green's confidence and friendship. Green had not heard for a long time direct from his home, and was almost entirely unacquainted with the progress of affairs in Missouri. It was destrable that he should know more about them. and Vaughan was chosen to go on the periand Yaughan was chosen to go on the perilous mission. Mr. Vaughan denies that he came North as a spy. He declares that the inaction of camp life had become distasteful to him, and that he was desirous only to see his own family and to carry messages from Gen. Green to his wife. However that may be, it is certain that he started with a knowledge of the fact that he must go within the lines of the Union Army and remain there some time if he was successful in his mission. It was predicted by his comrades, who knew where he expected to go, that he would never get back alive, but he started to make the attempt. He was accompanied by a fellow soldier, George Yates, whose home was in the vicinity of St. Louis. They had been "bunkles" and were close friends.

"We determined from the first," said Mr. Yaughan, in relating the events that followed. "that we would go along like ordinary citizens, that we would talk as little as possible without exciting suspicion and that we would as ar as possible avoid meeting people. Until we reached St. Louis we were in country that was held by the Confederates, and we reached St. Louis without any adventures. On the outskirts of the city we separated, with the understanding that no matter what happened to either of us each would deny any knowledge of the other.

"I made my way through the city without exciting any attention and reached the want ous mission. Mr. Vaughan denies that he

I made my way through the city without

most intimate friends in the town and learned all I could about what was going on in that nart of Missouri. In a few days a Confederate Cantain, Carmon by name, who had been brought home wounded, came to me and told me he desired to get back to his command, and we decided to try to make our way back was an an an an we decided to try to make our way back was the work of the property of the county of the property of the property



in his office when the Missouri Senator was shown in. The Senator related in a few words what had happened. Lincoln thought pensively a few moments; then turning to his desk he picked up a sheet of official paner, wrote a few lines on it and handed it to him. It was an order for my unconditional release and pardon, and it was the last official paner he ever signed. An hour later he was assassinated in the theatre by Wikes Booth."

Mr. Yaughan is now 75 years old. Ten years ago he suffered a paralytic stroke, and paralysis has since confined him to his house. He has lost entirely the use of his legs and is able to move about his home only by means of a rolling chair. Its mind, in spite of his debilitated physical condition, is still bright and clear. Naturally he reveres the memory of Lincoln above that of all other men.

THE INDIAN SIGN LANGUAGE, The Nearest Approach to a Common Medium of Communication.

From the Kansas City Times. The Smithsonian Institution will soon is sue a work which will expound many new and startling theories in regard to the sign languages of the Indians. An elaborate treatise on gesture languages is now in course of preparation, which will prove beyond a doubt that Agrees of ancient times practiced the same sign language that is now used by the Indians. For many years the Ethnological Bureau of the Smithsonian Institution has devoted much time to preparation of treatises on North American Indians, but on account of the difficulty in securing definite information the study of the sign language has heretofore been devoid of satisfactory results.

Just before the beginning of the war with Spain, Major Hugh Lennox Scott of the Seventh Cavalry was recommended to the Smithsonian Institution by Gen. Miles as being the best living authority on the Indian gesture languages. He was detached from his post at Fort Sill. I. T., and was ordered to Washington. He had scarcely undertaken his new work when the war came on, and he was appointed on Gen. Miles's staff. His sudden departure for the front interrupted the preparation of a book on Indian signa languages which promised to become the most famous work on this interesting subject that has ever been pullished. Major Scott has devoted the last twenty-three years of his life to the study of sign languages as employed by the North American Indians. His researches among the picture writings of Old and New Mexico and among the tribes now in existence have placed him in a position to speak authoritatively on the subject. The work which was begun and which was interrupted so suddenly will be an exhaustive treatise on the sizm languages which were used by all the tribes, both modern and prehistoric.

Through the uniting efforts of the Smithsonian Institution many new and wonderful discoveries have been made concerning the minute details of this era of which so little is known. Until recently nothing authentic was known of the high degree of civilization of the Attees and prehistoric tribes of North America, and many of the Ideas of scientists could not be proved and were accented by the public as mere matters of conjecture. The entire Bureau of Ethnology has made every effort to unravel the mysteries that have confronted sonian Institution by Gen. Miles as being the

set plant of the city we separated, with the content of the city we separated. With the country of the city we separated to other of us each would deep any knowledge to other of us each would deep any knowledge to other of us each would deep any knowledge to other of us each would deep any knowledge to other of us each would deep any knowledge to other of us each would deep any knowledge to other of the country was leading which would began in about the country and each of the country and each of the country and the country to make the country of the country and the country and the country of the country and the co

Communion Under Difficulties.

From the Indianapolis Sentined.

Koromo, Dec. 28—An embarrassing incident occurred at the Markland Avenue Methodist Episcopai Church. It was quarterly meeting, and sacrament was being administered. The member whose turn it was to furnish the bread and wine was called away, and her sister, Mrs. Dr. Bern, took them to the church, and started to pass them to the partakers of the sacrament. To the surprise of all, the wine refused to pour from the bottle, and a thick, ropy substance gurgled out, which proved to be tomato catsun, Mrs. Kern took the bottle home, and poured some real wine litto another bottle from her husband's office. This proved to be the real article, but the worshippers received another shock on seeing the bottle. It was a bottle that had contained poison, and the word rolson in large letters and a skull and cross topics were on the label. After another trip to the doctor's office for more wine and another bottle the communion service went through without further mishap.

MENAGERIE OF THE WOODS.

Creatures That Tenderfeet Hear About, but

OLD Town, Me., Dec. 30,- The tenderfeet who hire out in the lumber camps of Maine hear many wonderful tales of strange and ferocious animals that howl and prowl through the dark spruce forests from December until March and have never yet been seen by naturalists. The kindest and least obnoxious of the forest menagerie which the ingenuity of the old woodsmen has created in the little will-am-alone, a creature that bears an outward resemblance to a red squirrel but lives for no other purpose than to drop pills of bitter lichens into the ears and eyes of sleeping lumbermen, rendering them deaf and blind and finally converting them into howling nanines. Whenever a newcomer gets snow blindness and is compelled to sit in camp with bandaged eyes, he is told that will-am-alone has been in camp to punish him for oversleeping. If his head aches and he hears sounds of ringing bells and buzzing saws, will-amalone has dropped a pill into his ear. These stories are told so often and repeated with so much apparent candor that the sufferer is often convinced and packs up his kit and quits

the woods.

In case the victim is plucky and insists on staying, he is told how he may be cured. On the sides of a certain mountain near the camp lives a shy and verv_fast-galted rabbit called the sidehill winder, a creature which no snara or trap or dog can catch and no bullet can kill. Owing to a reculiarity in the construction of the sidehill winders, a few men have been able to capture them and obtain some of their precious oil, which is a sure cure for every ill caused by the malice of will-am-alone. According to woods tradition the sidehill winder

caused by the malice of will-am-alone. According to woods tradition the sidebill winder has dwelt on the steep slopes of mountains so long that the legs on one side of its body are twice as long as those on the opposite side. While this deformity would prove disastrous to most rabbits, it is a blessing to the sidebill winder, because the animal can keep its long legs on the downhill side of the mountain and thus stand upright on the steepest slope. Of course a rabbit built upon this plan can travel in only one direction, and his long legs must always be downhill. If his long legs must always be downhill. If his long legs must always he downhill. If his long legs must always he downhill. If his long legs must always he downhill winder legt in the longer the direction of travel is reversed. Hence this breed of rabbits has been divided into two sub-species, called sidebill winder right and sidebill winder left.

Though a sidebill winder an run faster than an express train, it may be caught and killed if one knows how to take advantage of its weakness. To, capture a sidebill winder two or three men and a smart dog are required. When the dog has got the animal running in good shape the men suddenly step out in front of the fleeing rabbit and head it off. This causes the sidebill winder to turn around, when its short legs come on the downhill side and the poor creature flounders about in the snow in a helpless condition until the men come up and kill it.

The kidney fat of the sidebill winder is a cure for sore eyes, earache and all the lifs produced by the malicious will-am-alone, but if a man in camp presumes to cook its flesh or eat of it he is doomed to die from a blow upon the head administered by ding ball, a creature which no man has ever met and lived to tell of meeting. Those who sav they have seen ding ball as it sneaked through the woods seeking its prey describe it as being as big as an Indian devil or a good-sized tiger. In build and general movements it is like a cat, only much larger, weigning 150 poun singing familiar love somes with now and then a "come-all-ye" or a shanty to suit the tastes of its hearers. While the lover of good music is listening and trying to discover the singer ding ball steals up behind the victim, curls its tail over its back, turns suddenly and launches its slungshot at the woodsman's head, crushing his skyll at one blow. After this ding hall completes its meal without interruption, and the little will-am-alones nick the bones.

Another character that hoids a high three in camp lore is Razor Shins, an industrious and wonderfully constructed Indian, who takes pleasure in swamping roads and felling trees for the operators who asee him surplied with split whiskey, but shaves the head, crois the ears and mutilates the bodies of all persons who refuse to pay him alcoholic tribute. He eats enough for ten men, but his food does him no good. His shinbones, have cut through the skin and developed a keen edge, so that when he walks through the woods swinging his legs, his shins cut down every tree they hit. Judged by Indian standard, Razor Shins is not a very bad Indian. The first night a new man comes to camp he must go out barefooted and deposit a quart of Bangor whiskey on the right-hand side of the hovel door. If he does this promptly and willingly and makes a similar sence offering at every full moon, he stands in no danger of giving offence to Razor Shins, but should he neglect his duty he will wake up some morning with a ball head.

Egyptian Dane ng in Egypt.

The genuine native dancing girls perform in the little cafes that abound in the Arabian quarter. These places are usually small, and about thirty men squatted around the seats that line the walls make a full house.

Here the Arabs come to smoke and drink coffee and hear the music, while in the centre of the cafe the dancing girls perform. The places are filled with the smoke of the nargieth and cigarettes, and the dreamy natives who lounge along the walls puff everlastingly on barely noticing the girls who are weaving and swaying in the sinuous undulations of the dance to the time of a gruggy tourion and the mellow drone of a reed whistle. The dance is about the same as the one seem at the world's Fair in Chicago, divested of met of its offensive trimmings. There it was designed to startle and shock and come up to Western notions of Oriental degravity, while here, on its native heath it is simply a dance that is as old as the country itself, and to these who have been accustomed to it through generations of familiarity its probably as tune as the quadrille. It is only the dance prepared for the tourist that disgusts you and makes you think that the Orient should be raided. From the Chicago Record,



Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Despensia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsk ness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue

Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bow is. Purely Vegetable. Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Prise.